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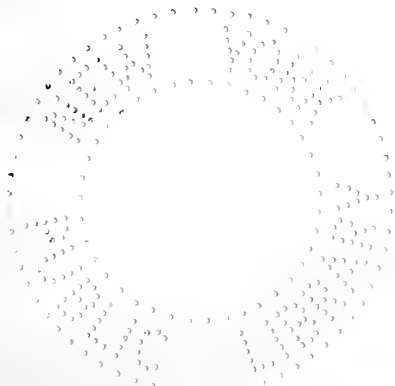
SONGS OF INNOCENCE





When the voices of children are heard on the hill.

SONGS OF INNOCENCE
BY WILLIAM BLAKE ❁ ❁
WITH ILLUSTRATIONS
BY GERALDINE MORRIS



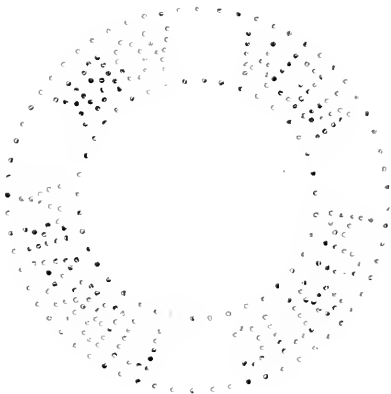
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Preface

JOYOUSNESS is a rare quality in literature. It implies a detachment from self, and a vision, granted to few, of the happiness still extant in the world. A collection of joyous English verse, exclusive of what is merely funny or silly, would not be large; and Blake's *Songs of Innocence* would hold in it a pre-eminent place.

He engraved them and their illuminating designs in 1789; but here, in the present volume, "by hard necessity we miss the lovely and luminous setting of designs, which makes the *Songs* precious and pleasurable to those who know or care for little else of the master's doing; the infinite delight of these drawings, sweeter to see than music to hear, where herb and stem break into grace of shape and blossom

SONGS OF INNOCENCE

of form, and the branch-work is full of little flames and flowers, catching, as it were, from the verse enclosed the fragrant heat and delicate sound they seem to give back ; where colour lapses into light and light assumes feature in colour." So wrote Mr. A. C. Swinburne concerning his *Critical Essay on William Blake* (John Camden Hotten, 1865) ; and, indeed, in spite of Miss Geraldine Morris's fine illustrations, some apology is due to admirers of Blake's original work, or of Mr. Morris's beautiful reproductions, for presenting a text apart from its proper embroideries and from the "pure fine veil of light, softer than sleep and keener than sunshine," cast over text and embroideries alike.

Nevertheless, though Blake's exquisite secular missal is not before us, with its marvellous combination of the poet's and engraver's art, the beauty of the Songs of Innocence is not dependent on their investiture of gossamer tracings and dewdrop hues,

SONGS OF INNOCENCE

but is self-contained; possessing the appropriate fancy wedded to the appropriate words, and the rhythm and lilt of spontaneously modulated sound. Critical language is too ponderous to express the dainty simplicity and the poising lightness of these verses. To quote Mr. Swinburne again: "These poems are really unequalled of their kind. Such verse was never written for children since verse-writing began. Only in a few of those faultless fragments of childish rhyme which float without name or form upon the memories of men shall we find such a pure, clean cadence of verse, such rapid ring and flow of lyric laughter, such sweet and direct choice of the just word and figure, such an impeccable simplicity; nowhere but here such a tender wisdom of holiness, such a light and perfume of innocence."

In good truth, none but a seer could have written these songs. The "two centuries" have not yet passed since the days of Fuseli, during which he

SONGS OF INNOCENCE

declared the country "must advance in civilization before it can appreciate" Blake (*Life of William Blake*, by Alexander Gilchrist. Macmillan, 1863). But if that time of appreciation should ever arrive, it will then be seen that only a man, not of visions, but of The Vision—a man of the deepest spiritual insight into the mysteries of life, can thus "speak as from the faultless lips of children."

F. B. MONEY-COUTTS.



Introduction

PIPING down the valleys wild,
Piping songs of pleasant glee,
On a cloud I saw a child,
And he laughing said to me :

“Pipe a song about a lamb !”
So I piped with merry cheer.
“Piper, pipe that song again ;”
So I piped : he wept to hear.

SONGS OF INNOCENCE

“ Drop thy pipe, thy happy pipe ;
Sing thy songs of happy cheer ! ”
So I sang the same again,
While he wept with joy to hear.

“ Piper, sit thee down and write
In a book that all may read ; ”
So he vanished from my sight ;
And I plucked a hollow reed,

And I made a rural pen,
And I stained the water clear,
And I wrote my happy songs
Every child may joy to hear.

SONGS OF INNOCENCE

The Shepherd

How sweet is the shepherd's sweet lot !
From the morn to the evening he strays ;
He shall follow his sheep all the day,
And his tongue shall be filléd with praise.

For he hears the lambs' innocent call,
And he hears the ewes' tender reply ;
He is watchful ; while they are in peace,
For they know when their shepherd is nigh.

SONGS OF INNOCENCE

The Echoing Green

'THE sun does arise,
And make happy the skies ;
The merry bells ring,
To welcome the Spring ;
The skylark and thrush,
The birds of the bush,
Sing louder around
To the bells' cheerful sound ;
While our sports shall be seen
On the echoing green.

Old John, with white hair,
Does laugh away care,
Sitting under the oak,
Among the old folk.

SONGS OF INNOCENCE

They laugh at our play,
And soon they all say,
“Such, such were the joys
When we all—girls and boys—
In our youth-time were seen
On the echoing green.”

Till the little ones, weary,
No more can be merry :
The sun does descend,
And our sports have an end.
Round the laps of their mothers
Many sisters and brothers,
Like birds in their nest,
Are ready for rest ;
And sport no more seen
On the darkening green.

SONGS OF INNOCENCE

The Lamb

LITTLE lamb, who made thee?
Dost thou know who made thee,
Gave thee life, and bade thee feed
By the stream and o'er the mead;
Gave thee clothing of delight,
Softest clothing, woolly, bright;
Gave thee such a tender voice,
Making all the vales rejoice?
Little lamb, who made thee?
Dost thou know who made thee?

SONGS OF INNOCENCE

Little lamb, I'll tell thee;
Little lamb, I'll tell thee:
He is calléd by thy name,
For He calls himself a lamb.
He is meek, and He is mild,
He became a little child.
I a child, and thou a lamb,
We are calléd by His name.
Little lamb, God bless thee!
Little lamb, God bless thee!

SONGS OF INNOCENCE

The Little Black Boy

My mother bore me in the southern wild,
And I am black, but oh ! my soul is white,
White as an angel is the English child,
But I am black, as if bereaved of light.

My mother taught me underneath a tree,
And, sitting down before the heat of day,
She took me on her lap and kisséd me,
And, pointing to the East, began to say :

“ Look on the rising sun : there God does live,
And gives His light, and gives His heat away,
And flowers and trees and beasts and men receive
Comfort in morning, joy in the noonday.

SONGS OF INNOCENCE

“ And we are put on earth a little space,
That we may learn to bear the beams of love;
And these black bodies and this sunburnt face
Are but a cloud, and like a shady grove.

“ For, when our souls have learned the heat to bear
The cloud will vanish, we shall hear His voice,
Saying, ‘Come out from the grove, my love and
care,
And round my golden tent like lambs rejoice.’ ”

Thus did my mother say, and kisséd me,
And thus I say to little English boy :
When I from black, and he from white cloud
free,
And round the tent of God like lambs we joy,

SONGS OF INNOCENCE

I'll shade him from the heat till he can bear
To lean in joy upon our Father's knee ;
And then I'll stand and stroke his silver hair,
And be like him, and he will then love me.

SONGS OF INNOCENCE

The Blossom

MERRY, merry sparrow !
Under leaves so green,
A happy blossom
Sees you, swift as arrow,
Seek your cradle narrow,
Near my bosom.

Pretty, pretty robin !
Under leaves so green,
A happy blossom
Hears you sobbing, sobbing,
Pretty, pretty robin,
Near my bosom.

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The Chimney-Sweeper

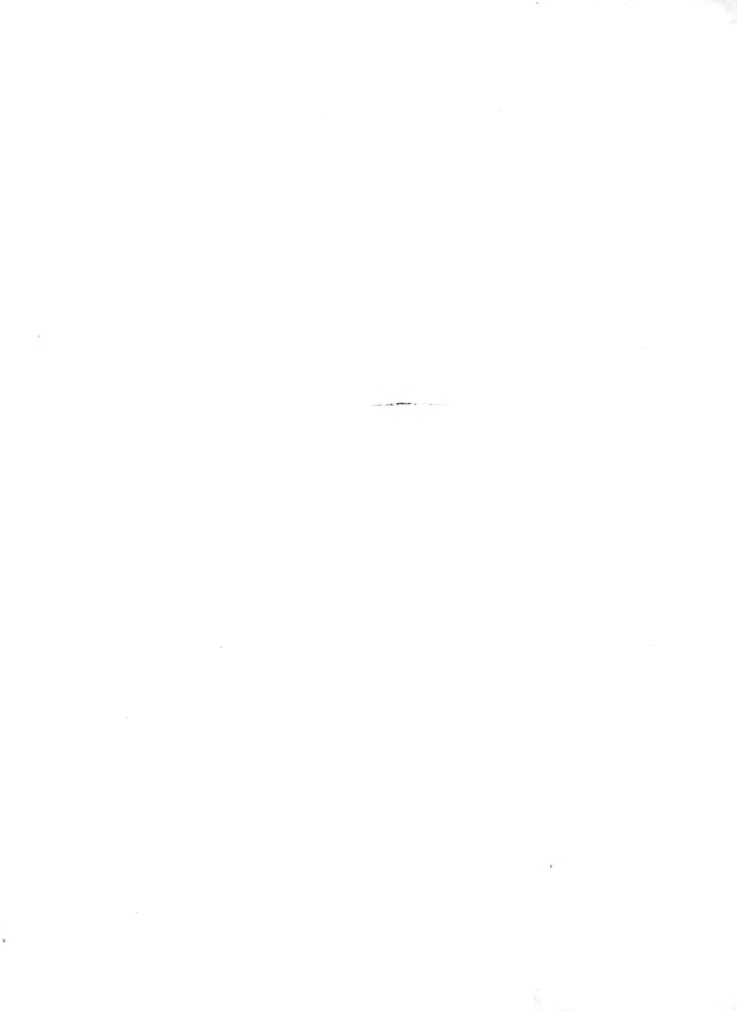
WHEN my mother died I was very young,
And my father sold me while yet my tongue
Could scarcely cry "Weep! weep! Weep! weep!"
So your chimneys I sweep and in soot I sleep.

There's little Tom Dacre,* who cried when his
head,
That curled like a lamb's back, was shaved ; so I
said,
" Hush, Tom ! never mind it, for, when your head's
bare,
You know that the soot cannot spoil your white
hair."

* Charles Lamb, who sent the above poem as a contribution to a volume entitled "The Chimney Sweeper's Album," mischievously altered the name to "*Tom Toddy*."—ED.



THE · CHIMNEY · SWEEPER.



SONGS OF INNOCENCE

And so he was quiet, and that very night,
As Tom was a-sleeping, he had such a sight!—
That thousands of sweepers, Dick, Joe, Ned, and
 Jack,
Were all of them locked up in coffins of black.

And by came an angel, who had a bright key,
And he opened the coffins and set them all free;
Then down a green plain, leaping, laughing, they
 run,
And wash in a river, and shine in the sun.

Then naked and white, all their bags left behind,
They rise upon clouds, and sport in the wind;
And the angel told Tom, if he'd be a good boy,
He'd have God for his father, and never want joy.

SONGS OF INNOCENCE

And so Tom awoke, and we rose in the dark,
And got with our bags and our brushes to work.
'Though the morning was cold, Tom was happy
and warm :
So if all do their duty, they need not fear harm.

SONGS OF INNOCENCE

The Little Boy Lost

FATHER, father, where are you going?

Oh do not walk so fast!

Speak, father, speak to your little boy,

Or else I shall be lost.

The night was dark, no father was there,

The child was wet with dew;

The mire was deep, and the child did weep,

And away the vapour flew.

SONGS OF INNOCENCE

The Little Boy Found

THE little boy lost in the lonely fen,
Led by the wandering light,
Began to cry, but God, ever nigh,
Appeared like his father, in white.

He kisséd the child, and by the hand led,
And to his mother brought,
Who in sorrow pale, through the lonely dale,
The little boy weeping sought.



THE LITTLE BOY FOUND.

SONGS OF INNOCENCE

Laughing Song

WHEN the green woods laugh with the voice of joy,
And the dimpling stream runs laughing by ;
When the air does laugh with our merry wit,
And the green hill laughs with the noise of it ;

When the meadows laugh with lively green,
And the grasshopper laughs in the merry scene ;
When Mary and Susan and Emily
With their sweet round mouths sing, “ Ha, ha, he ! ”

When the painted birds laugh in the shade,
When our table with cherries and nuts is spread :
Come live, and be merry, and join with me,
To sing the sweet chorus of “ Ha, ha, he ! ”

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A Cradle Song

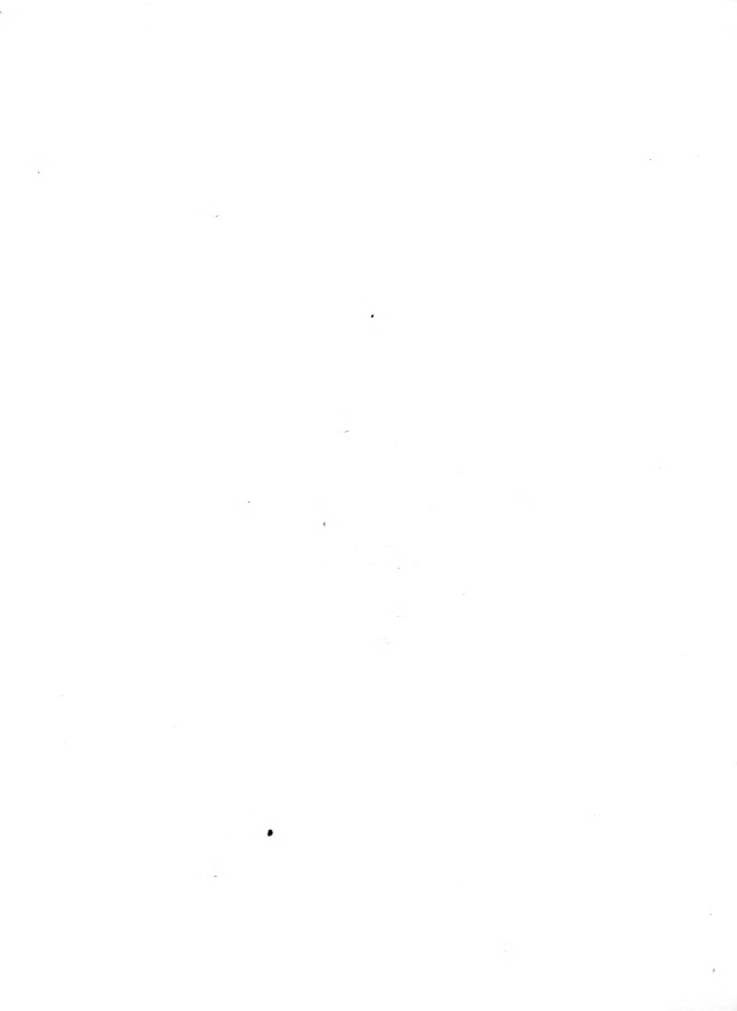
SWEET dreams, form a shade
O'er my lovely infant's head!
Sweet dreams of pleasant streams
By happy, silent, moony beams!

Sweet sleep, with soft down
Weave thy brows an infant crown!
Sweet sleep, angel mild,
Hover o'er my happy child!

Sweet smiles, in the night
Hover over my delight!
Sweet smiles, mother's smile,
All the livelong night beguile.



Sweet sleep, angel mild, hover o'er my happy child



SONGS OF INNOCENCE

Sweet moans, dovelike sighs,
Chase not slumber from thine eyes !
Sweet moan, sweeter smile,
All the dovelike moans beguile.

Sleep, sleep, happy child !
All creation slept and smiled.
Sleep, sleep, happy sleep,
While o'er thee doth mother weep.

Sweet babe, in thy face
Holy image I can trace ;
Sweet babe, once like thee
Thy Maker lay, and wept for me :

SONGS OF INNOCENCE

Wept for me, for thee, for all,
When He was an infant small.
Thou His image ever see,
Heavenly face that smiles on thee !

Smiles on thee, on me, on all,
Who became an infant small ;
Infant smiles are His own smiles :
Heaven and earth to peace beguiles.

SONGS OF INNOCENCE

The Divine Image

To Mercy, Pity, Peace, and Love,
All pray in their distress,
And to these virtues of delight
Return their thankfulness.

For Mercy, Pity, Peace, and Love,
Is God our Father dear ;
And Mercy, Pity, Peace, and Love,
Is man, his child and care.

For Mercy has a human heart ;
Pity, a human face ;
And Love, the human form divine ;
And Peace, the human dress.

SONGS OF INNOCENCE

Then every man, of every clime,
That prays in his distress,
Prays to the human form divine:
Love, Mercy, Pity, Peace.

And all must love the human form,
In heathen, Turk, or Jew.
Where Mercy, Love, and Pity dwell,
There God is dwelling too.

SONGS OF INNOCENCE

Holy Thursday

'Twas on a Holy Thursday, their innocent faces
clean,
Came children walking two and two, in red, and
blue, and green :
Grey-headed beadies walked before, with wands as
white as snow,
Till into the high dome of Paul's they like Thames
waters flow.

Oh what a multitude they seemed, these flowers of
London town !
Seated in companies they sit, with radiance all
their own.
The hum of multitudes was there, but multitudes
of lambs,
Thousands of little boys and girls raising their
innocent hands.

SONGS OF INNOCENCE

Now like a mighty wind they raise to heaven the
voice of song,

Or like harmonious thunderings the seats of heaven
among :

Beneath them sit the aged men, wise guardians of
the poor.

Then cherish pity, lest you drive an angel from
your door.

SONGS OF INNOCENCE

Night

THE sun descending in the west,
The evening star does shine ;
The birds are silent in their nest,
And I must seek for mine.

The moon like a flower
In heaven's high bower,
With silent delight,
Sits and smiles on the night.

Farewell, green fields and happy grove,
Where flocks have ta'en delight ;
Where lambs have nibbled, silent move
The feet of angels bright ;
Unseen, they pour blessing,
And joy without ceasing,
On each bud and blossom,
And each sleeping bosom.

SONGS OF INNOCENCE

They look in every thoughtless nest
Where birds are covered warm ;
They visit caves of every beast :
To keep them all from harm :
 If they see any weeping
 That should have been sleeping,
 They pour sleep on their head,
 And sit down by their bed.

When wolves and tigers howl for prey,
They pitying stand and weep,
Seeking to drive their thirst away,
And keep them from the sheep.
 But, if they rush dreadful,
 The angels, most heedful,
 Receive each mild spirit,
 New worlds to inherit.



Softly · move · the · feet · of · angels · bright

SONGS OF INNOCENCE

And there the lion's ruddy eyes
Shall flow with tears of gold :
And pitying the tender cries,
And walking round the fold :
Saying : " Wrath by His meekness,
And, by His health, sickness,
Are driven away
From our immortal day.

" And now beside thee, bleating lamb,
I can lie down and sleep,
Or think on Him who bore thy name,
Graze after thee, and weep.
For, washéd in life's river,
My bright mane for ever
Shall shine like the gold,
As I guard o'er the fold."

SONGS OF INNOCENCE

Spring

SOUND the flute
Now 'tis mute;
Birds delight,
Day and night—
Nightingale,
In the dale,
Lark in sky—
Merrily,
Merrily, merrily to welcome in the year.

SONGS OF INNOCENCE

Little boy,
Full of joy ;
Little girl,
Sweet and small ;
Cock does crow,
So do you ;
Merry voice,
Infant noise ;
Merrily, merrily to welcome in the year.

Little lamb,
Here I am ;
Come and lick
My white neck ;
Let me pull
Your soft wool ;
Let me kiss
Your soft face ;
Merrily, merrily we welcome in the year.

SONGS OF INNOCENCE

Nurse's Song

WHEN the voices of children are heard on the
green,
And laughing is heard on the hill,
My heart is at rest within my breast,
And everything else is still.
“Then come home, my children, the sun is
gone down,
And the dews of night arise;
Come, come, leave off play, and let us away,
Till the morning appears in the skies.”

SONGS OF INNOCENCE

“No, no, let us play, for it is yet day,
And we cannot go to sleep;
Besides, in the sky the little birds fly,
And the hills are all covered with sheep.”
“Well, well, go and play till the light fades
away,
And then go home to bed.”
The little ones leaped, and shouted, and laughed,
And all the hills echoéd.

SONGS OF INNOCENCE

Infant Joy

“I HAVE no name ;
I am but two days old.”
What shall I call thee ?

“I happy am,
Joy is my name.”
Sweet joy befall thee !

Pretty joy !
Sweet joy, but two days old.
Sweet joy I call thee ;
Thou dost smile,
I sing the while ;
Sweet joy befall thee !

SONGS OF INNOCENCE

A Dream

ONCE a dream did weave a shade
O'er my angel-guarded bed,
That an emmet lost its way
Where on grass methought I lay.

Troubled, wildered, and forlorn,
Dark, benighted, travel-worn,
Over many a tangled spray,
All heart-broke, I heard her say :

“ Oh, my children ! do they cry,
Do they hear their father sigh ?
Now they look abroad to see,
Now return and weep for me.”

SONGS OF INNOCENCE

Pitying, I dropped a tear :
But I saw a glow-worm near,
Who replied, "What wailing wight
Calls the watchman of the night?

"I am set to light the ground,
While the beetle goes his round :
Follow now the beetle's hum ;
Little wanderer, hie thee home !"



My · Angel = guarded · bed.

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SONGS OF INNOCENCE

On Another's Sorrow

CAN I see another's woe,
And not be in sorrow too?
Can I see another's grief,
And not seek for kind relief?

Can I see a falling tear,
And not feel my sorrow's share?
Can a father see his child
Weep, nor be with sorrow filled?

Can a mother sit and hear
An infant groan, an infant fear?
No, no! never can it be!
Never, never can it be!

SONGS OF INNOCENCE

And can He, who smiles on all,
Hear the wren with sorrows small,
Hear the small bird's grief and care
Hear the woes that infants bear—

And not sit beside the nest,
Pouring pity in their breast,
And not sit the cradle near,
Weeping tear on infant's tear?

And not sit, both night and day,
Wiping all our tears away?
Oh no! never can it be!
Never, never can it be!

SONGS OF INNOCENCE

He doth give His joy to all :
He becomes an Infant small,
He becomes a Man of Woe,
He doth feel the sorrow too.

Think not thou canst sigh a sigh,
And thy Maker is not by :
Think not thou canst weep a tear,
And thy Maker is not near.

Oh, He gives to us His joy,
That our grief He may destroy !
Till our grief is fled and gone
He doth sit by us and moan.



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